### VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 19.

### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1873.

# Choice Loetry.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY SUSAN PICKERING. Sister, hear ye the rustling Of the sere leaves as they fall? Teach they not—thus drooping, dying— A leason worth the heed of all?

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant, Warmed by sunshine into birth; Now chilised by nipring blasts of Autumn, They drop unto their mother earth; For wise reason, but a season! They drop unto their mother earth.

Some still linger, but yellow, fifed, No more with green the boughs adorn! No shelter yield where crat they shaded; Reft of their kindred, lone, fortorn; Listless steming, listless gleaming. Reft of their kindred, lone, fortorn,

So now thou art arrayed in satin,
And pearls are glistening in thy bair;
Anon thou't need a warmer garmeni—
Grey hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear;
Weeds arraying, grief betraying;
Grey hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear.

Then, alater, let us muse and ponder On these leaves from nature's page: And prepare, while yet in season, For a pure and happy age; Undespairing, be preparing For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness Or east a shadow o'er thy youth; But ever shun the paths of folly, Cleave to virtue and to truth; Self deuying, faint relying. Cleave to virtue and to truth,

For neither youth, nor health, nor beauty, Can from Time's stern clutches save; But all must drop, like leaves of Autumn, To the cold and ellent grave; Aye, we're dropping, never stopping. To the cold and silent grave,

SUMMER, SWEET, GOOD-BYE!

BY GROUGE COOPER. Gold and red and purple leaves
Flatter down the wind;
With the snow of thistle-down
All the lance are lined.
Clear and krenly blue the sky.
Harrying birds are flying high.
Singing: "Summer, sweet, good bye!"

Sheaves are nodding in the sun. As if passed along. In a gay, funtactic rout, In a gay, funhastic rout, Summer's fairy throng. Where the fading willow awings, Where the nest, donerted, clings, Listen to the brook, that sings: "Summer, aweet, good-bye!"

Woodlands whisper and farewells; Squirrels frisk and spring; Patter, patter, rain the nuts, For their harvesting. Flocks of merry birds go by. Neath the heart's uncluded sky, Hopeful, trustful, while we sigh; "Summer, sweet, good-bye!"

## Select Storn.

## NOT A SPECTRE.

A TALE OF ALL-HALLOW E'EN. BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Ye little skelpie limmer's face.

It was All-Hallow E'en, vulgate Hollow Eve, and some dozen of us, sisters and cousins, were gathered around a bright coal fire in the parlor. tures, or the profession of our future spouses to our expectant hearts. We were all girls, and ubility and at length upon love, courtship and wedded bliss, handsome suitors and devoted hus-

among the whole group not one could as yet boast of a genuine living lover. Still, each girl had already enshrined in her soul some hero of romance, with whose prototype she firmly ex-pected to meet in after life. Lizzie, the eldest, had for her beau ideal Thaddens of Warsaw. mad for her bean ideal Thuddens of Warsaw. Kate cherished a tender sentiment for Dombey and Son's Walter Gay; and I am very much afraid that my penchant was decidedly for the handsome though light-fingered Paul Clifford.

How the little group would laugh to night, if I could rehearse for their benefit every word of the merry conversation which passed that happy evening from lip to lip. Ah, me! the six years which have flown since then have changed us all to women—women too sadly wise to try projects on All-Hallow E'en, or to think tenderly of Paul Clifford. But I am wandering from the past to the present; I must retrace my steps.

We had compared totes of admiration as to our respective heroes; had burnt nuts together upon the coals; had thrown apple parings over our heads, to form the initials of the names which were some day to be our own; had dropped mol-

were some day to be our own; had dropped mol-ten lead into water, to discover the profession of our future lords and masters; and were discussing the propriety of sowing hemp seed, and eat-ing an apple in the glass at midnight, when a smothered cough or laugh—we could not tell smothered cough or laugh—we could not tell which—smote upon our ears, and made us all start with astonishment. "What is that!" we cried, breathlessly; and with one accord we made a plunge toward the ball; in our excited made a plunge toward the ball; in our excited state, the apparition of some half dozen lovers' wraiths at the same moment would not have as-tonished us in the least, and we dreaded some

supernatural invasion.

"What is that? Oh, good gracions?"

"Nobody, nobody—only I?" replied a manly voice from the extension room beyond; and the doors slowly unfolded, and revealed "nobody" in person of Uncle Oliver.

Girls, girls! foolish girls! be warned by me,

and neither eat the apple or sow the hemp seed, on peril of your reason!" said Uncle Oliver, in a tone which was a perfect mixture of jest and "Why not, uncle? Do you think it is wicked?"

sie.

"I am coming to that, child," replied Uncle Oliver; "this is a part of the story."

"One morning, just exactly at this time of the year, I started upon one of my usual expeditions. It was a windy, disagrecable day. The atmosphere had a leaden look, and the brown trees, nearly denuded of their bright Autumn leaves, were pictures to behold. There were signs of a storm in the cloudy sky, and the soughing of the wind among the woods near by; but I had no doubt that I should accomplish my errand and return before it burst upon us. I set forth merrily, whistling as I went, and endeavering to coax my old steady-going horse into a more rapid pace than was his wont, and partly succeeded in pace than was his wont, and partly succeeded in my endeavors; for old Trotter, after much re-sistance and obstinacy, broke into an uneven mo-tion, which he considered a trot, and kept it up all the way to Cincinnati

all the way to Cincinnati.

"I arrived safely, made my purchases, and began to retrace my steps. The day had by this time become intensely cold. The wind was full in my face, and so sharp that it nearly took away my breath. However, I buttoned my coat to my chin, pulled my hat over my eyes, and rode determinedly forward at the best speed of which old Trotter was capable. Nearly half-way upon my journey stood a large frame house, surrounded by well tilled fields and an ample orchard. The front of the house was directly on the road, which took a suddet curve a short distance beyond, and became better and more sheltered. all the way to Cincinnati. road, which took a sudden curve a short distance beyond, and became better and more sheltered. I looked forward to the appearance of this half-way house with much anxiety—past the turning, my way would be far pleasauter, and my progress more rapid; and I began to wish most heartily for my journey's end, as the night was drawing on, and a wet snow began to drift down upon the cheerless landscape. You may imagine my consternation, therefore, when, just as I ar rived opposite the dwelling, old Trotter slipped upon the wet ground, stumbled and fell, throwing me upon my back, and dispensing the contents of my baskets in every direction among the snow-sprinkled, brown grass. Fortunately, I was unhurt.

"After ascertaining this important fact, I gath

"After ascertaining this important fact, I gath ered up my merchandise, and turned to remount Trotter; but the old horse had been less favored Trotter; but the old horse had been less favored than I, and I soon found that he was too lame to proceed further. Here was a situation! I stood in mate perplexity, thinking, I remember, how often I had heard that Hallow Eve was an illomened time, and that mishaps of all kinds were to befall the unlucky wight who was abroad after dark moon that day. While I remined I to terial the unincky wight who was abroad af-ter dark upon that day. While I ruminated, I cast my eye toward the window of the old farm-house. The light of a lamp just kindled fell through the panes upon the snow which lined the sill—a woman's shadow flitted to and fro. What a cosy picture it was! I thought of home— of tea and doughnats, warm biscuit and crisp bacon, mince pie warmed in the capacious oven; and felt dismal beyond expression, as the moist-ure of my garments chilled me through and through.

through.
"Suddenly a clear voice startled me with the words: "Is anything the matter with your horse, stranger f" and, turning, I beheld a young horse, who had approached without my knowledge, over the soft snow. I forget what I answered; but at all events, the conversation resulted in an invitation to enter the house near by, and rest nutil morning 'Uncle and annt will be very happy to entertain you, I am sure,' continued the boy, 'and you know it is impossi-ble to proceed to-night.'

"The fact was self-evident, and I gladly ac-

"The fact was self-evident, and I gladly accepted the invitation, and was ushered into the dwelling forthwith. My companion was warmly greeted by an old lady and gentleman, both evidently Scotch people, who sprang from their seats by the fire as he entered, and hailed him by the name of Jamie; and my reception was kind in the extreme. A seat was placed for me; the old gentleman sent a servant lad to care for my horse; and the old lady insisted upon my exchanging my wet coat for one of the old gentleman's, in which, as he was very stont and I very slender, I doubtless cut a singular figure. Meanwhile, supper was served by a buxom, middle aged servant woman, and we all took our places at the board, and after grace was said, fell to with astonishing vigor—at least, I can answer for myself.

to with astonishing vigor—at least, I can answer for myself.

"During the course of the meal, the fact that it was Hallow E'en was casually mentioned, and, as a natural consequence, the old lady lannehed into an account of numerous charms, projects and adventures which had taken place within her knowledge, and wound up with the remark that we young men should both try some charm that bight, for the purpose of discovering who our sweethearts were to be. The old lady was so carnest in this whim, that it was impossible to deny her; and accordingly, we proceeded under her directious to prepare the following to deny her; and accordingly, we proceeded nu-der her directions to prepare the following charm: Each of us scooped the yolk from three hard belied eggs, filled the cavity with salt, and devoured them—salt and all; then, without tak-ing a drink of water, we proceeded straight to our apartments, with strict injunctions to tie our shoe-strings in hard knots, and to go to bed back-wards; 'and as sure as ye do so,' said the old la-dy, 'the lass yer to marry will come to ye and kiss ye when the clock strikes twelve.'

"The room which had been devoted to me was

"The room which had been devoted to me was long and wide, with gloomy corners, and tall, ghostly cupboards here and there. A looking-glass in a black frame hung opposite the bed, and beneath it stood a table of small dimensions. Laughing at myself all the while, I tied my shoestrings in three koots and blooking out the light strings in three knots, and blowing out the light, absolutely did get into bed backwards; and, being weary and tired, I fell asleep almost immediately

riding upon old Trotter against a snow-storm, with pannier upon pannier loaded with eggs pil-ed upon his back, and weighing him down. Then I was selling eggs, and the customers were in-dignant—for where should have been yolk they found nothing but sait; they were all beautiful young women, and they threw the eggs at my bead in their anger; and as they broke, scatter-ing a shower of sait over my face, they shouted 'Hallow E'en!' Hallow E'en!' at the top of their I asked.

"I think it is dangerous, very dangerous," replied Uncle Oliver, solemnly. "The sight of an apparition summoned by an act of levity such as either of those you mentioned is an overwhelming shock to any mind."

"Then you believe in it? You have seen something yourself? Tell us all about it—do tell us, Uncle Oliver?" resounded on all sides; and we crowded around the old gentleman with eager and expectant faces, chatting like so many magnies.

Uncle Oliver sat down in a great arm-chair in the middle of the room, still looking at us very seriously. "So you want me to tell you what I have seen?" he said. "Well, I have only one objection—you can't be quiet long enough to compare the sun be rising?" I thought. No, it was seriously. "So you want me to tell you what I have seen?" he said. "Well. I have only one objection—you can't be quiet long enough to listen."

"Just try us! We'll be as mute as mice," replied Jessie. 'Come, girls, be quiet, and sit down."

In proof our acquiescence, we all ranged ourselves upon chairs, which we drew in a semicircle about Uncle Oliver, and awaited the forthcoming tale with the greatest anxiety, for Uncle Oliver was a famous story teller.

"Years and years ago," began the old gentleman—"I won't say just how many, but it was when I was a little more than eighteen years of age—I lived with my mother and father in a small settlement within a day's ride of the city of Cincinnati. My father was a farmer, and of course we raised our own grain, fruit and vegetables, and were in no want of beef, mutton, pork, fowls and game; but tea and coffee, loaf sugar and spices, were only to be procured by a journey to the city; and as those articles were in constant use in the family, the shopping expeditions were not only important but frequent. The duty of undertaking these excursions invariably devolved upon myself; and as young peo-

ple are generally fond of such little journeys, I esteemed the performance a privilege, and was always in high spirits when any want was suggested which would oblige me to saddle my old horse, and start for Cincinnati.

"I can see myself still; dressed in my best suit, and mounted on old Trotter's back, with two baskets slung before me upon the horse, and a capacious pocket-book buttoned up in my vest pocket, making my way along the road with as much importance as any embassador charged with State affairs could possibly have felt; and can yet hear my mother's anxions charges not to forget the tea on any account."

"Yes; but, dear nucle, about All-Hallow E'en, and what you saw!" interrupted impatient Jessie.

"I am coming to that, child," replied Uucle Oliver; "this is a part of the story."

"One morning, just exactly at this time of the year, I started upon our of my usual expeditions. It was a windy, disagreeable day. The atmosphere had a leaden look, and the brown trees,

earthly maiden!" As I spoke, the carriage stop-ed at my uncle's door.

Here Uncle Offiver panied for a moment, and gazed around him. The older girls were blush-ing violently—the younger ones were in a state of awful seriousness edifying to behold, and no one spoke a single word. Uncle Oliver gave us a peculiar quizzical glance, and proceeded:

"It was very near the dinner hour; and after I had exchanged greetings with my uncle and

a peculiar quizzical glance, and proceeded:

"It was very near the dinner hour; and after I had exchanged greetings with my uncle and aunt, I was shown to my apartment, to make some requiste changes in my travelling costume. It was a very different room from that of the old farm-house; somehow, I half expected to see the bright apparition steal from behind the great velvet rocking-chair beside the fireplace, as I stood combing my hair and arranging my cravat before the toilet glass between the windows.

"The dinner bell recalled me to myself, and I opened the door to descend to the dining room. As I stepped into the hall, I stood directly opposite a flight of bread stairs covered with a rich velvet carpet, and lit by a pendant lamp of amber glass. Upon those stairs I saw something gliding toward me. Transfixed with astonishment, I gazed upon it. Golden carls, snowy sholders, blue eyes, a dimple in the chin, a brown mole upon the cheek, a mouth like a rosebud! Ah! I had felt the pressure of those lips—it was once more my apparition; not elsd in white this time, but draped in glossy robes of tender purple, like the hue of an angel's wing. The amber lamplight floated down upon her, and she came toward me, slowly but surely. I did not faint this time, but I retreated to my room, double locked the door, and fell into a chair, trembling like an aspen leaf. A knock shortly after somewhat restored my possession, and I answered, 'Come in,' with the full determination not to what restored my possession, and I answered, 'Come in,' with the full determination not to admit the spectre, if this were she. The servant's voice responded, 'Please, sir, dinner is ready.' And with renewed self-possession, I described to the diviner were deal to the diviner were deal.

ready.' And with renewed self-possession, I descended to the diving room.

"'Miss Star, my nephew, Mr. Oliver Landon.'

"It was my uncle who spoke. It was my apparition, golden curls, dimple chin and rosebud month, who bent in acknowledgment. It was I, with my hair standing on end and my heart in my month, who muttered some words in reply—what, neither I nor any one else knew. She had come at last. In living flesh and blood she stood before mes. the realization of my vision—my fate. before me, the realization of my vision—my fate, my future wife."
"Aunt Helon!" exclaimed the group, in one

"Yes, my dears, your Annt Helen," replied Uncle Oliver, "and the very apparition who had appeared to me in the old farm-house, from the fairy foot to the soft carls, identically the same. Well, my dears, we knew each other, loved each other, and were married on my twenty-third birthday. She became my wife; and on the fol-lowing All-Hallow E'en we were sitting quietly be-fore the fire in our own little home. I had never told her of the vision, but on that night I had

resolved to do so. I had opened my lips to speak, when Helen spoke instead.

"My dear Oliver," she began, 'did I ever tell you of my adventure on All-Hallow E'en, just three years ago! I know I have not. Would you like to hear it!"

"Of course, I assented to the proposition.

"Well, on this night, just three years ago, I was a long distance from this place. Just at this hour I arrived, weary with a long journey, at the door of an old farm-house, some miles from Cincinnati, on the road to M—." I repeat.

from Cincinnati, on the road to M——!" I repeated slowly.
"'Yes; an aunt and uncle of mine, an old Scotch couple, lived there, and I was to pay them a visit, replied Helen. "Your aunt and uncle, an old Scotch couple,

repeated once more.

"Yes,' continued Helen. 'I was to meet at this place my brother James, whom I had not seen for three years.'

"Your—brother—James?' I gasped, in bewil-

lived there, and you were to pay them a visit?

seen for three years."

"Your—brother—James?" I garped, in bewilderment.

"Yes; and, of course, I was very anxious to see him, said my wife, so that I was very sorry to discover, on my arrival, that he had retired for the night. After I had gone to my own room, I could not sleep, so I decided that I would slip on my dressing gown, and comfort myself by taking at least one glance at James's sleeping face. So, with a light in my hand, I slipped along the passage, and entered, as I supposed, his room."

"And entered, as you supposed, his room!" I echoed, mechanically.

"He was asleep," proceeded Helen, 'and I thought he had altered very much. I set down the light, and, bending over him, touched my lips very softly to his. Imagine my consternation, when the eyelids opened widely, revealing black orbs instead of blue, and, like a flash of lightning, the truth dawned upon my mind; the person whom I had kissed was a stranger, not my brother! Obeying my first impulse, I extinguished the caudle and rushed towards the door. It was open, and I was in the entry in a moment, but not until I had heard the stranger spring upon the floor, as though he were about to islow me. How I gained my room I do not know; but the next morning I discovered that a young man, whose horse had been lamed by a fall, had slept there for the night, and had departed early in the morning. What he thought of me, I shall never know, but he was evidently very much astonished."

"Not so much as he is now," I ejaculated.

"Yhat can you mean?" cried my wife, in amazement.

—story !".

Our love for the supernatural was tamed down.

No one sowed hemp seed, or are an apple in the glass that night, I am convinced.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—A gentleman who lives in Daubury recently read an article setting forth the evil of two persons sleeping together. He became so impressed with the truth of the argument that he proposed to 'is wife that they sleep in separate beds, and she acquiesced. The experiment was put in practice that night. About two o'ciock in the morning the lady was a wakened by some one stealing softly into her bed, and, on nitering a scream, was greatly relieved to find it was her husband. It had turned off cold in the night, and he had concluded that if he had to die anyway, he might as well go off quietly with a nervous attack as to be frozen dead in a grotesque attitude.—Danbury News.

An Albany lady wouldn't pick up a ten dollar bill on the street, because it was stained with tobacco juice.

# Miscellany.

A SONG OF AGE.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE. Summer is gone, and Autumn
Is red on the corr and heavy;
Yet skies are sweet and clear,
As in the youthful year;
The forcets full and leafy,
But in the Northern cloud,
Sits Winter dark and rude;
And Sammer's golden glory,
Whe will remember,
In the long, long, dismal hours
In the days of December!

The morning hopes of childhood,
The visions pure and tender,
To the broader day of youth,
To the keen high light of truth
And reason, we surrender;
But as we touch the goal,
Black Winter numbe the seni;
And manbood's gleam of glory,
Who will remember,
In the long, long, dismal hours,
In the days of December?

Ah! were such life, life only,
Better not be than be thus!
To see, through this brief day,
Hope fall from hope away,
And to blank nothing leave us!
O, still our vague unrest,
God's voice within the breast!
For in God's eternal Summer,
Who will remember
The long, long, dissual hours,
And the days of December!

# THE SCENE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE'S TRIAL.

THE SCENE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE'S TRIAL.

The selection of the palace of Great-Trianon, at Versailles, as the scene of Marshal Bazaine's trial, which event will commence this week, will bring once more prominently into the public notice a historical structure which dates back to 1688, and which is associated with many of the most brilliant episodes in the reign of Louis XIV., its founder. The grounds attached to Great-Trianon were, previous to 1663, divided up into manors and farms. The hamlete which was thus composed was called Trianon, a name derived from the Latin word Triaruum, the designation of a parish belonging to the monks of the Abbey of St. Genevieve, of Paris, in the twelfth century. In 1863 Louis XIV, purchassed all these lands and inclosed them within the limits of the park of Versailles. In the course of time the hamlet of Trianon disappeared before the improvements instituted by the King on the site, and a small palace was built on the spot, which commenced in the closing months of the winter of the same year. Under the influence of the royal example, Trianons became all the rage among all classes. Every chateau, villa, and rustic dwelling bore the name. The new palace had various designations. It was call the House of Porcelain. The last appellation was given it because purchain entered largely into its composition. The King took great pride in this bijou of a palace, and spent large sums of money in beautifying it. In 1674 he gave magnificent entertainments there, at which Mune, de Montespan, who was at that time the royal favorite, attended. In 1687 the spirit of change came over the King's mind, and he ordered the Palace of Flora to be demolished. In the following year, acting in obedience to the royal command, Mansard erected the present pulsee of Great-Trianon. The presiding female genins of the new palace was Mme, de Maintenon, who had succeeded in the King's affectious. Again did the park echo to the sounds of feasts and revelries. Theatrical was Mme. de Maintenon, who had succeeded in the King's affections. Again did the park echo to the sounds of feasts and revelries. Theatrical performances and exhibitions of the ballet fol-lowed in rapid succession, and here, in 1629, were King James of England and his Queen royally entertained. Toward the close of 1705 the glory of Great-Trianon began to decline. The old King, surrounded by a few intimates, among them Mme. de Maintenon and Pere la Chaise, had become a valetudinarian. The beaux jours of Great-Trianon had departed. Upon the 11th of Angust, 1715, Louis XIV. paid his last visit to the palace, and on the 1st of September of the same year he died.

From the date of the death of La Grande Monarous to the year 1750 Great-Trianon was

From the date of the death of La Grande Monarque to the year 1750 Great-Trianon was comparatively neglected. In that year, however, Louis XV., as a means of beguiling the tedium of a monotonous life, took up his residence with his court at Great Trianon. For a few years thereafter the halls of the palace resonnded with song and music, and something like the former glory of the Great-Trianon was revived. But in the year 1757 the attempt made by Damiens upon the King's life cast a damper upon the festivities that had prevailed there. It was while entering his carriage to proceed from Versailles to Paris that the King received the thrust of the fanatic's assassinating blade. The death of Louis XV. occurred in 1774, and up to that year a few fetes were given at Great-Trianon; but the erection in 1766 of the new palace of Little-Trianon, which was built by the side of the older edifice by order of the King, tended to cause Great-Trianon to be partly neglected. At Little-Trianon Louis XVI. fixed his court when he ascended the throne, as this palace was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette. Great-Trianon was thenceforth a deserted pile, visited only occasionally by the succeeding sovereigns—Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X.—it fell into the oblivion of royal neglect until the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne. This monarch had a great liking for the place. On occasions he would live there for a week or two at a time, and visitors are shown the apartments which he was wont to occupy—his bed chamber, modestly furnished; his work the apartments which he was wont to occupy— his bed chamber, modestly furnished; his work room, and the simple table which he was accus-temed to use.

berson whom I had kissed was a stranger, not my brother! Obeying my first impulse, I extinguished the candle and rushed towards the door. It was open, and I was in the entry in a moment, but not until I had heard the stranger spring upon the floor, as though he were about to follow me. How I gained my room I do not know; but the next morning I discovered that a young man, whose horse had been lamed by a fall, had slept there for the night, and had departed early in the morning. What he thought of me, I shall never know, but he was evidently very much astonished."

"Not so much as he is now,' I ejaculated.
""What can you mean!" cried my wife, in amazement.
""I mean that it was I whom you kissed—that it was you whom I saw—that the vision was a true one, after all,' I said; and then, holding her own fair, living form. It was Helen's self who kissed me, the bonniest wraith that ever smiled on mortal man. It is a true story How do you like it, girls !"

We liked it as we would a sudden shower-bath, or a freet among summer roses. It was a terrible disappointment, and the youngest, little Annie, bathed in tears, had thrown herself sobbing upon my knees.

"Oh—dear—me," sobbed Annie. "Oh—dear—me—it isn't a spirit—after all! What—a—mean—story!"

Our love for the supernatural was tamed down.

AFTER A MOUSE.—A Keokuk (Iowa) lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a monse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot-gun, call the bull dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up stairs and commerced to purch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The bull dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped doad. The lady fainted and fell down stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for the murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped. AFTER A MOUSE.-A Keokuk (Iowa) lady

Dr. Lyman Bercher's pastorate in East Hampton, Long Island, was of ten years' contin-nance. His salary was \$300 and his firewood, which, after five years, was raised to \$400.

### PREACHERS TINKERING THE SOCIAL RVIL.

A St. Louis preacher, inspired by that innate conviction of a majority of preachers, to-wit: that the Almighty could not run the universe for three consecutive minutes without their advice and co-operation, has taken hold of the social evil regulation. He instituted suits, and has secured from an inferior court a decision that the law permitting the regulation is unconstitutional. From such information as is at hand, the weight of this decision as to the matter of unconstitutionality is about as valuable and binding as would be one of the same sort from Richter Kauffman, of Chicago.

What this preacher propose in case he should secure the averthrow of the law, no one knows. It is not probably that he knows himself; but it may be that he is actuated by the conviction that law, in the present case, is an impertinent intermeddler, and that to the church belongs the duty of handling the social evil. A serious objection to this view of the matter is that the church has had the opportunity for centuries to manage this evil; and the first case has yet to be recorded where there is success in the effort. It may be that this preacher is not attacking regulation for the purpose of relegating the affair to the church. It is even quite likely that he is one of those inferior destructives whose mission it is to raze without rebuilding.

It is difficult to speak in temperate language of the efforts of such men as this elerical ass of

mission it is to raze without rebuilding.

It is difficult to speak in temperate language of the efforts of such men as this clerical ass of St. Louis. He is one of those insensate reformers who reform nothing; who intermeddle with everything; who are thoroughly impracticable; and whose interference always leaves matters worse than before. In the 3andwich Islands, the leprons class are taken by law from society, and placed by themselves. Law, in Chicago, takes the patient affleted with small-pox or cholera, and separates him from the rest of the community. This is done to prevent the spread of these diseases. Precisely the same is attempted when the law steps in and assumes to control the social evil. It does it to prevent the disease from spreading through all society. It separates prostitutes from virtuous women. Temoves the social disease to quarters of its own, where it cannot contaminate the healthy community.

the social disease to quarters of its own, where it cannot contaminate the healthy community. Any man of the world, in any large city, knows that what may be termed private prostitution is an evil of far greater dimensions than the social evil, so-called. Let a man in any such a city reach any sort of prominence, either from the possession of intellect, wealth, or power of any kind, and he at once becomes the recipient of the attentions of this class. They are limited to no particular grade of social life. They occupy all parts, from one extreme to the other. They are the wives of business men, occupying apparently an irreproschable social position; they are scheming or voluntuous widows; they are sentimental daughters or dissatisfied wives who mistake their lewd tendencies, and suppose them to be a longing for a higher sympathy; they are struggling sewing girls, and other operatives, who are too weak to undergo the hardships and the—to them—indignity of laboring for their support. All these women, and hundreds of others classes, ply an active vocation. They do more to weaken domestic ties, to demoralize weak men, to imagurate, sustain, and spread a spirit of intrigue, and a desire for variety, than all the open lorettes in the same community. They are the springs which supply the sea of prostitution. They are the fibres, the finer threads, of the social evil, and they ramify through every portion of the social body.

Regolation is a surgical process which attempts to follow up and cut out these fibres. It is something which says to a woman of this sort: "You will not be permitted to carry on this clandestine work. You must either go one way or the other. If you will be a prostitute, you cannot be so in private. You must register yourself as such, that the world may know your true character. Now, under the appearance of a virtuous life, you are committing infinite damage." it cannot contaminate the healthy community.

character. Now, under the appearance of a vir-tuous life, you are committing infinite damage." When the choice should thus be submitted to a woman, in a majority of cases she would prefer reformation to registration. Thousands of women would be deterred from entering upon an evil course, were they to know that its results would be exposure.

an evil course, were they to know that its results would be exposure.

If these so-called reformers are determined to break down registration, will they tell us what they propose as a substitute! If they have anything better to offer, the public should know it. If their only purpose is the insane one of destroying the present system, and of permitting prostitution to flow back, and all through the social body, they should be defeated at any cost.—Chicago Times.

The Grave of John Brown.

The reader who has ever visited the grave of John Brown, will remember the great rock under whose shadow the old man rests. We take from the note book of a friend who was there in 1870 the following description of the spot:

We visited John Brown's grave at North Elba, half a mile across the fields from Hammer's Tavern, two miles by the road. His house, unpainted, small, one story and a half, with a small addition behind, is on a cleared plateau of five or eight acres, "Whiteface," in full sight of the north, and a fine view for a semicircle or more, all around to the east and south, of the Adirondack ranges; on the west and south, woods. The chief point about the place is the cleared, level plateau, laid down to grass, with scattered stumps now old and small; on this the house stands; my companion admires the taste that chose such a spot—the finest site, he thinks, that we have seen. The grave is in a little enclosure, fifty feet square or so, close by the house, at the northeast; a huge boulder, of a flat rather than high shape, (it is about eight feet high.) occupies a full third of the enclosure; it seems bedded deep in the earth; steps lead to the top of it, and there where the side of the rock rises a little from its general slope, one reads these words, cut into the solid stone and facing the east:

JOHN BEOWN,

The grave lies at the side of this boulder, and has at the head of it a slab—an old one removed from some other place—with an antique inscription to the memory of Captain John Brown, who died in 1776; under this is another one to "John Brown, born in 1890, excented at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1859;" other inscriptions to his sons crowd the stone. This little euclosure is in grass, with a rose-bush or two; off to the east corner is a small maple. The rugged, massive rock is a fit companion at the grave; it is to be hoped that no other monument will be set up.

\* It came over one here that this man, more than any other one person, must be thought more than any other one person, must be thought of as the victim of slavery, and that in him— whether it be true or not that his mind grew disordered—are shown the revulsion and the protest of human nature itself at the horrid sys-

tem.

The noble simple inscription upon the rock of John Brown's grave was placed there by the citizens of Boston.—Boston Advisor.

SECRETARY BELENAP has engaged James Parton, the historian, to arrange for the publication of the original manuscript papers of Washington, which recently came into the possession of the War Department. Among the papers is the original order-book used by General Washington when he was in command of the army in the

### THE AUTUMN OF THE SOUL

PROM THE PRESCH OF LANASTINE

Yes, in these Autumn days, when Nature dies, The beauty of your veiled looks I feel: A friend doch smile adieu; she last faint smile Of lips that death will soon forever snal. Thus, also ready for my spirit's flight, Weaping the vanished hope of life's ye I turn, to flook upon the distant heights. Once brightly gilded by its beauteons;

Earth, sun, and valley—ah! ye all are fair: One sigh I give you, ore I shall be gone: How sweet the perfum'd air—the light so pure— The sun so lovely, to a dying one!

Oh! I would like this chalice mixed with gall And nectar, even to the dregs to drain; Lest haply at the bottom of the cup-Some drops of honey unpreceived remain. Perchance a future life will yet restore.
The bada of hope, so radely arrashed in this.
Some unknown soul, amid that spirit throng.
May comprehend my soul, and give it bliss.

The flower, in falling, gives to nephyr's wing Perfumed adsens to life e'er it expire; And I.-I die-my spirit is exhaled. Like the sad sound that make upon my lyre!

### HOW IT IS DONE. What a Clearing House Is, and How Its Business is Conducted.

The "clearing house" has been often spoken of during the panic, and our readers may not fully understand what it is—and it is much more easily understood than described. casily understood than described.

It is an association of banks. A merchant of Kansas City does his business with the First National. A customer mays him a debt by a draft on the Mastin bank. The merchant don't go to the latter and draw the money, but deposits the check with the First National, and gets credit for it, and the check is collected from the Mastin bank by the First National. And so of all the banks in the city—they receive checks on each other as cash, and thus save the customer the trouble of running from bank to bank. In this way it will be seen that in a day each bank receives numerous checks and drafts on the others. It would be an infinite trouble for each bank to ceives numerous checks and drafts on the others. It would be an infinite trouble for each bank to send its messenger for the money to every other bank on every check, for while the messenger of the Commercial National may be presenting a thousand dollar check at the Kansas City National, its clerk may be receiving the cash on a twelve hundred dollar draft at the other. And the messengers of Smarts' and Watkins' banks might pass each other half a dozen times a day with collections.

with collections.

The clearing house save: all this trouble. At an hour fixed by the rules, the clerks of all the banks meet at the board of trade rooms, having with them all the checks and drafts in their banks against every other bank in the city. Each clerk then delivers to the manager of the clearing house a statement of bow much each bank must pay his own, and these footed up show how much he must receive from all.

The several amounts are entered on a blank, and show how much all should receive. And thus the sums to be paid and received by each, and the aggregate for all are ascertained.

Then each clerk delivers to the others the checks and drafts going to make up the sum he claims to be due him, and receives the same held against his bank in return. By these statements the manager ascertains at a glance what is due the manager ascertains at a glance what is due from each bank and the gross amount due from these duplicate amounts thus ascertained must be settled and balances made good before any clerk leaves the room, or the bank so failing is "broke."

broke."

By this means all mistakes are prevented get-

each day.

The convenience of such a system can be thus The convenience of such a system can be thus readily understood. The clearing house may be called a bank with only banks for customers, just as an ordinary bank with individuals for customers. As in ordinary banking, John Doe does his business with the First National, which agrees to pay all drafts he may draw ou it, he agreeing to send in all the money, bills, notes or drafts in the course of his business, to make it safe in doing so. At the close of business on each day he must make his account of money paid in balance what the bank has paid out for him—or he is broke. So in the clearing house, all the banks send to it each day all they have against each, and the balance must be made good in cash, or the one failing is just like John Doe—broke. As in the case of Doe, the bank is the common debtor and common creditor with the public, so is the clearing house with the banks. It saves time, maney, confusion, and makes the banks keep faith with the public.—Kansas City Journal.

The morning papers are doing what they can to see the public alarm, and prophesy pleasant things about our railroads. But why not tell the truth? The present crisis in railroad affairs

1. That the immense same coming into the

1. That the immense sams coming into the country from airoad, for government houds, have stopped, for an indefinite period of from three to five years hence.

2. That the enormous expenditures of our people, based on this flood of wealth from Europe, must cease altogether. Our women must dress less expensively, and there must be less indulgence in high priced wines and horses.

3. That we must pay in hard cash and hard labor for our necessaries from abroad.

4. That labor, as well as rents and the price of land, must be ultimately affected by this panic. There is a hard winter before us for the poor.

5. That the pinching poverty of the people will enforce economy upon our government; and rascals, political and commercial, will hereafter be punished without mercy. An era of comparative purity, as compared with the past, has at least opened upon us. The country will no longer tolerate financial crime and waste in high places.

Now let our people make up their minds to take off their coats and go to work.—Graphic.

THE New York Times says: "If Andrew Johnsoviaits Washington he will break a long-continue precedent, official etiquette having been under atood to demand that an ex-President should no precedent, official eliquette having been understood to demand that an ex-President should not
return to the capital as a citizon or outside politician after the inauguration of his successor."
This is quite errousous. John Quincy Adams retired from the Presidential chair on the 4th of
March, 1829, and in the following year was elected to Congress, taking his seat in December,
1831. He continued to represent his native district in that body for seventeen years, and surpassed nearly all the members in close application to business and endurance. On the 21st of
Pebruary, 1848, while in his seat in the Capitol,
he was struck with paralysis, and died two days
afterward, his last words being, "This is the last
of earth! I am content!" President John Adams
lived to see his son inaugurated President, and
by a singular coincidence, he and Thomas Jefferson both died on the 4th of July, 1826. Ex-Presdent Tyler was in Washington in January, 1861,
as a delegate from Virginia to the peace congress.

A COUNTRY boy went to Boston forter years are

A COUNTRY boy went to Boston forty years ago wearing his father's bosots, and kept them until he had earned enough to buy humself a pair. Now he is President of a bank, and all the country boys within ninety miles of the Hnb who have heard of the incident are worrying the lives out of their paternals, begging their old boots and permission to go to Boston.

Ir is proposed to get up a cemetery near New York, of about one hundred acres in extent, for the buirial of people who have been talked to death. The idea is a good one, but the cemetery

ought to be larger.

The story that a Connecticut father had offered \$10,000 to any one who would marry his crosseyed daughter, brought about eight hondred strangers into the town in about one week.

### WHOLE NUMBER, 851.

GEN. BUTLES'S BRIGHT SIDE.

We are going to write a true story and a new one. The subject is not very new, and yet not old; it is middle aged—Benjamin F. Butler. We learned the facts from a source whose integrity as truth itself, and although the General may have forgotten it—it was never before in print—the ladies have not. The ladies? Yes, there are ladies in it.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that General Butler was once in command at New Orleans. Equally useless in it to say that little good of him was written or thought during his administration of that incurrigible department, and then his "treatment." of Southern ladies was was described by adjectives a very severe import. Malignance in its worst form found vent at his expense, and "Beast Butler" was the term by which he and his alleged character were best told in those days, both in the North and South. St. Michael's is the name of a pretty little village not hundreds of miles north of New Orleans, on the Mississippi, which in war times was limited to a convent of the Sacred Heart, that formed a favorite school for the daughters of the rebels of the section. Perhaps a dozon dwellings surrounded this main feature of the place, and St. Michael's was rebel from rim to core. Mother Shamma was the Abbeas of the convent, and the Superior of the School. She and her "daughters in religion" certainly shared the anti-Yankee sentiment, which so sadiy strove to ruin them and us in common choos; but holding old-time notions of woman's sphere in political broils, they were not loud in the atterance of their thoughts. This did not keep famine from the convent door, however; there cause a day when the storehouse was as barren as a Southern field, trodden by Morgan's cavalry. The larder shelves were on a line impartially as a Southern field, trodden by Morgan's cavalry. The larder shelves were on a line impartially horizontal; neither fruit nor fish, nor flesh nor cereal bore them down to the accustomed curve of heaviness. Hunger already stalked among the houses of the villagers, and the famished people gathered at the outer convent gate, clamor-ing for food. Mere Shannon walked the convent sad and prayerful, telling her beads. The silent, white-veiled novices flitted about their usual duties, asking not a question, but wondering,

said and prayerful, telling her bends. The sitent, white-veiled novices flitted about their usual duties, asking not a question, but wondering, perhaps, how many fast days there would be in the coming week. The serious black veils, still more thoughtful, gathered about Mere Shannon's chair, when she sat at the evening recreation, and reading the query in her eyes, behold no answer. If the none uttered a box mot that night, it must have been exquisitely spiritual.

A loud knocking resourded at the gate, and a messenger appeared, startled and breathless. A deputation from Donaldsonville, a dezen miles northward on the river, from the house of the Sisters of Charity, waited to know if Mere Shannon would receive the Sisters and their thirty orphan girls, whose asylum had succumbed to the fortunes of war, and who were houseless and hungry at Donaldsonville. Mother Shannon is a brave woman, but she blanched a little. The nuns were astonished at the newly discovered distress, and for a moment thought only of a miracle.

"Mon Dieu," cried Mother Shannon, "it is im-possible! We have no feed; New Orleans is anpossible! We have no food; New Orleans is under General Butler, and communication with the
city, so far as the supplies are concerned, is beyond my power. Much as I may regret it—"
But she could not send the refusal. The sisters
and thir whole flock of orphaus were soon as
comfortable within St. Michael's walls as cheery
welcome and kindly hands could make them.
Mother Shannon sat at her desk and wrote something like this.

"Sin: We have no food, but we have orphans. Inclosed is a draft for \$2,000 and an order we desire to have filled, with your permission, at New Orleans."

A faithful colored man was the deputation General asked a few questions; the contraband proved intelligent, and the Beast learned the situation. A day or two later a supply train reached St. Michael's, and the messenger was intrusted with a note from the Beast, which read something like this:

"MADAM; I am sincerely sorry you and your charge should suffer innocently by this cruel war. Should other misfortunes reach you, please inform me at once."

war. Should other misfortunes reach you, please inform me at once."

The supplies sent ware found to be just double the quantity of each article ordered; and although the draft was not returned, \$2,000 in cash came in its place, and supported the thirty orphans through later and more bitter times. Few knew of this action of Gen. Butler, and be never told it. On many succeeding occasions he was called upon in the same straightforward, womanly way for aid and protection, and in every instance were both given, justly and with the courtesy of the gentleman. The children of rebel soldiers, fallen on the wrong side of a cruel war, had reason to know what a strange kind of beast "Beast" Butler was at New Orleans, and the nuns' notions of "Yankees" were very materially modified. Mother Shaunon's idea became gradually, "Wheo Gen. Butler finds Souther ladies, who do not forget that they are such, they find Gen. Butler a gentleman."—Chicago Ereaing Post.

The Original Conductor.

The Original Conductor.

It will, without doubt, be interesting to the numerous railway officials throughout the world to learn that at this late day one of the first eight conductors chosen on the Liverpool and Manchester Road, is now living in American Fork, Utah. The geutleman's name is Robinson. His is sixty-six years of age. At the age of twenty-two, he was engaged by the President of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, Charles Lawrence, about three weeks before the line was open, and was on the track when the fatal accident occurred to Mr. Huskisson, the gentlemanly member of Parliament who obtained the prasage of the railroad act.

Mr. Robinson says he can tell as much as any living man conceruing the incidents that marked the opening of one of the greatest cras ever witnessed by man. Mr. Robinson continued in the employ of the Company until 1842, when he left for America. The Treasnrer, Heary Booth, Eaq., of Liverpool, on his departure, presented him with a watch, now in his possession, and which he values more highly than any earthly treasure. Mr. Robinson very kindly permitted me to handle the watch and read the inscription thereon, which is verbatim as follows: "Liverpool and Manchester Railway, To Edward Robinson, in Token of Regard from the Directors, 1842."

Mr. Robinson was also presented with a drab coat new in his possession, and which he kindly permitted me to examine.

Mr. Robinson was also presented with a drab coat now in his possession, and which he kindly permitted me to examine.

The coat is good now, and the buttons on it contain the following: Two hearts united with bow, one containing a bird and the other the Manchester stripes, the liver representing Liverpool and the stripes the Manchester coat-of-arms. Around the buttons also is the following inseription: "Liverpool and Manchester Railway."

Any railway officers, or others, having the curiosity to see Mr. Robinson and examine these mementoes of respect, can do so by calling at his residence in American Fork, Utah county, Utah.

An exchange tells the story of the Dubuque cashier who 'embezzied'—that's the word where a man steals enough to make it respectable—\$207,000. The reason he didn't take more was because the President stole the rest of it."